

*Back to School*

Olivia leaves the engine running. Soon her ex-husband will check the time on his phone and point toward her car. Her son will turn around, see she's parked in the third spot from the left, but he'll count to make sure—she'll see his lips move. She picks up the pile of new listings from the passenger's seat. On top, a bungalow on Lakeshore Drive—just enough room for one, and maybe a dog. She looks at it for a moment, then zips the papers inside her briefcase

Zach and Karl face one another across a table; the booths are full. They've had an early dinner. Zach lifts a large glass, drains it. Probably soda, maybe a milkshake. Karl lets him have too much sugar.

The late-summer sun, sinking behind the pines, shoots rays of orange through the back windows of the diner, outlining their profiles.